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W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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LELAND HOWARD.



THE ancestors of this successful baptist preacher were descendants of the Howards of England, and were among the earliest settlers of the Plymouth colony. His grandfather, Benjamin Howard, in 1760, removed from Massachusetts to Windham county, Vermont, where Calvin the father of Leland was born. Calvin was the youngest of nineteen children. He married Hannah Willman, who presented him with no less than twelve "pledges," all of whom in due time, became members of baptist churches. Calvin and his wife were the first baptists in that part of Vermont, and they had to go twenty-two miles to hear their pastor, the Rev. Aaron Leland, afterwards speaker of the Vermont legislature, and lieutenant governor of the state.—After him their third son, the subject of this sketch was named. He was born at Jamaica, Windham county, Vermont, on the 14th of October, 1794.—The circumstances of his parents were not such as to exempt the family from the necessity of labor; but Leland, from the earliest period, manifested a decided repugnance to bodily exertion of any kind unless connected with amusement, much preferring to sit in some corner where he would sing by the hour. This disposition frequently brought him into

trouble. On one occasion, when about ten years of age, he was taken by Calvin, an elder brother, to work in a garden at some distance from home. After assigning him his task for the day, Calvin would leave him, but generally on returning in the evening, he would find the hoeing and weeding neglected, and Leland lying on his back lustily singing all sorts of hymns in all imaginable metres. This dereliction of duty, subjected him to sundry practical admonitions from the hands of his guardian brother, which however effected nothing more than causing Leland to sing in a different key.—At this day, the brothers, between whom the warmest affection has ever subsisted, cannot revert to that incident without laughing until the tears roll down their cheeks.

A few years afterwards, Leland accompanied Calvin upon a midnight excursion to shoot a bear, which was in the practice of depredating upon a corn field about that hour. They took with them an old revolutionary musket, heavily loaded with slugs. They stationed themselves near a large tree, and before it became quite dark had abundance of courage, and dared Bruin to "come on and meet his fate." Towards midnight however, a distant

sound was heard resembling the crackling of dried branches, whereon Leland crept close to Calvin, whilst the latter nervously seized the old musket and felt that the priming was good. Unconscious of the presence of two such heroes with their munitions of war, the bear

"True as the needle to the pole,"

was steadily advancing to the corn field. At this critical juncture, whether with a design of enticing the enemy into an ambuscade or not is immaterial, but Leland ran off "homeward bound," like lightning, and Calvin, having a valid excuse in the desertion of his ally, discharged the gun in the air and also sought safety by flight. After that night, there is no record of another expedition being planned against the bear.

As an illustration of the peculiar observances among the scholars in the academies of that day, it may be interesting to advert to an incident which occurred when the brothers, for a brief period, were sent to a school in their vicinity. On entering the play ground, they observed the other boys in deep consultation, occasionally casting earnest glances at the new comers. At length two boys about their own age, advanced, and each selecting his "man," commenced a personal attack. This being promptly returned, a cry of "enough," was heard from the spectators, whereon an explanation took place to the effect, that this was a kind of "by-law," adopted in order to test the mettle of new "recruits," and with a view of ranking them accordingly. A general introduction then took place, and Leland and Calvin became a part of the "regular army."

So jovial and frolicsome was the disposition of Leland, and so grave that of his brother, that it was predicted the latter would certainly become a minister, while such a profession was never even dreamt of for the former. But Calvin became a physician, and Leland with all his glee became a "teacher in the church." At the age of eighteen, although extremely illiterate as regards book learning, he commenced preaching. His great natural talents soon attracted the attention of General Abner Forbes, of Windsor, who sent him to Boston and gave him a gratuitous education.

Had every man thus expended a small portion of his superfluous wealth, how much talent might have been discovered for the church, for the state, and for the world, among those untutored multitudes of our race, who have floated unknown and unnoticed down the tide of time? "How many gems made visible by their glittering, would have

been collected? How many mines of beauty and richness would have appeared? How many Demosthenes might have lightened and thundered? How many Homers soared and sung? How many Newtons roused into action, to develop the laws of matter? How many Lockes to explore the regions of mind? How many Erskines to adorn the bar? And perhaps some other Washington, whose memory has now perished in obscurity, might have been freed from the factory or the plough, to decide the fate of battle, and sustain the weight of empire."

In 1816, Mr. Howard became pastor of a baptist church at Windsor, where he remained for six years until his removal to Troy, New-York, where he preached until 1829. During his residence at the latter city, the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred upon him by Middlebury college. In compliance with the wishes of his early friends, he subsequently returned to Windsor, where he labored with much success for five years. His next field was Brooklyn, where he resided until 1837. He has since been stationed at Minden, Connecticut; Newport, Rhode Island; Norwich, Chenango county, and again at Troy, where a beautiful building was erected for the new church over which he presided. He is at present preaching at Hartford, New-York.

A striking peculiarity of Mr. Howard is an aversion to writing, owing to which he can scarcely ever be induced to execute a long letter. Rather than fill a couple of pages, he would, it is believed, take a long walk to deliver a verbal message. In 1822, on some particular occasion, he preached before the Vermont legislature. The sermon gave so much satisfaction, that a resolution of thanks was adopted, accompanied by a request for a copy for publication. But preaching was one thing, and writing another, and the sermon remained among the "unwritten things." But although indolent in regard to such matters, there are thousands who will bear witness of his energy and faithfulness in the discharge of his professional duties. Here no obstacles can deter him. Integrity, unflinching perseverance, benevolence, and a spirit of self-sacrifice, whenever occasion calls for it, are prominent traits in his character. He has a voice of much compass, strength and richness, and does not by any means rank with those preachers, who are always lulling their hearers into a refreshing slumber. His sermons too are short, for he, unlike many others, believes that "where weariness begins, profit ends." He does not spend half an hour before the mirror previous to entering the pulpit, nor is he one of those who appear to think the arrangement of their hair, the adjustment of their cravats, or the cut of their coats, of more importance than the salvation of an immortal soul.—Having none of the pedantry of learning, he possesses that sort of resistless persuasiveness, the power of which is "as much in the manner of saying, as in the thing said."

In 1845 he was a passenger on board the ill-fated steamer Swallow which sunk in the Hudson river, and where, at the imminent peril of his life, he rescued several persons from a watery grave.

In his domestic relations he is particularly happy, having an amiable wife and eight children.—James L. Howard, the eldest, married Miss Anna Gilbert, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. I. B. Gilbert, of Hartford, where, with several other

members of the family, they at present reside.—Lucy the eldest daughter, married Charles Miller, Esq. of Moriah, Essex county, New-York.

TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

A SOIREE AT LADY N—'S.

Translated from the French of Jules Lecomte.

ONE cold night in December, as I was returning home, disappointed enough, from the count de L. where I found no one at home, and as I never loved to make my toilette, I stopped mechanically before the well-lighted store of a druggist, revolving in my mind in what manner I could turn my cashmere waistcoat, my coat with its gold chiseled buttons, and my Sakoski boots to the best account. I know not how long, I stood wavering in idle uncertainty, unable to find how I might render this toilette useful, which had cost me so much trouble, and which prevented me from going to spend the evening gaily with my friends, when a well known voice said to me.

"Ha! Henry what are you doing here before these bottles of water in this cold night? why man you will surely get chilblains."

I turned and shook by the hand one of my best comrades. "But how fine you are to-night," said I folding my cloak closer around me. "Are you going to make any visits in this quarter," added I with a half sigh.

"My dear! I am going to take tea with my Lady N. If you were in full dress I would take it upon me to—"

"Ah! thank you," replied I, throwing my cloak from my shoulders under the pretext of consulting my watch.

"Hold! you are dressed like a bridegroom.—Ah faith! I will take you."

"Gently, gently," replied I, "you do not know if it would suit me, and then I do not know"—

"Ah! my dear, these English do not stand on ceremony—Come you will amuse yourself."

"Are there any ladies there?" added I?

"Oh! I believe so, beautiful ones too, my dear fellow, and who speak French as well as we do.—Come!"

And ten minutes after, we entered a magnificent hotel, in the Rue du Helder, all resplendent with crystals, gilding, and azure and orange drapery elegantly arranged.

On a large sofa, in a remote part of the saloon, three young persons were negligently reclining, amusing themselves with turning over the leaves of an album. Their feet resting on mohair of rich Gobelin.

We advanced to the fire-side around which gathered large numbers of ladies and gentlemen.

"My lady," said Evariste, leading me to the mistress of the mansion, "I have the honor of presenting to you one of my dear friends, requesting you to extend to him, the goodness which you have showed me." And lady N— a tall, thin, cold looking woman, opened on regarding me, her wide unfurnished mouth, from whence issued a strange noise, like the rattling of parchment. I bowed low.—This was all.

"You are now one of the household, my dear," said Evariste. "Your tea will be poured out here every evening; charming women come here.—

You will have delightful acquaintances." While he was thus extolling the pleasures that awaited me at the tea of Lady N—'s. I cast a glance around the saloon which contained about twenty persons, but my eyes rested more agreeably on the charming trinity of the blue sofa, and, as in a boquet we always return to the most fresh and fragrant flowers, so after scrutinizing each nook and each embrasure. I turned with delight to the three fresh and well dressed young girls, inundated with the floods of light that fell from a rich lampadaire placed near them on a stand of spa.

One of them, the one in the middle was the prettiest and the most playful. Not too tall—her light brown hair, bound round with a rich feronuiet, which rested on her brow like jet on snow—her complexion fair, with cheeks and lips animated with smiles—her two black eyes exchanged flashes with the crystals, the whole set off by curls elegantly arranged and falling on each side of this ravishing visage—then her statue so frail, it was wonderful—in a word she was perfectly graceful, reclining carelessly in the most coquetish attitudes with her album, over which the three heads were balancing. The other two young ladies were equally pretty, but she the lady with the album was the prettiest, for pretty is the word, not beautiful—pretty.

"Who is," said I addressing myself to Evariste "this charming fairy seated between those two English women?"

"Ah, excellent my dear! that is Mademoiselle Florine Bauchamp, one of the pretty persons of— She plays desperately well on the piano, enrapturing when she sings, ravishing when she dances, and—"

"Enough," interrupted I, "you are so excited and you speak so loud that you have attracted her attention, see how she looks at us, let us go away."

"What? no, on the contrary I will present you."

"Not at all! this is not the time," replied I, dragging him away to another part of the saloon.

"Parbleu, you make me think, I must tell you a delightful story, but little known, I assure you, about the beautiful Florine. You know Gustave Angot the only son of a rich banker of B—?"

"Perfectly. He was a pretty young man full of wit and talent, he was much sought after in the elegant world, his social rank, his financial position added still more to the elegance of his manners, for—"

"Yes, yes! Ah well! my dear, just imagine that he was desperately in love with this young person."

"She loved him too, I believe. Nothing was talked of in the saloons but their approaching union. Marchionesses, Countesses, Baronesses would stop the pretty Florine and praise the good taste of Gustave. At length seriously the demand in marriage was made. The lady there on the blue sofa demanded eight days reflection."

"Eight days that was reasonable; it was necessary to familiarize herself with the idea of this transition."

"But after these eight days, eight days more. Then more still; in fine as much reflection to decide upon a husband, as for the choice of a color for a ball dress. The old Chevalier de Bauchamp went to his daughter's room one evening, to know from her own lips what Gustave had to hope.—"

Just think what he must have suffered from these delays, poor Gustave, enamored with this charming creature.

"My daughter, my Florine," said the Chevalier, "I come to know of you what is necessary to reply definitely to the persons who have honored us by seeking our alliance. You have reflected for a month, and it is time you decided."

She began to pout, drew up her pretty mouth and twisted the blonde which bordered her foulard apron.

"Come, my Florine, open your heart to your father, come my dear child."

"Papa," stammered she.

"Ah well! do you love him? You have not seemed inclined to say anything to your mother.—Come be not a child."

"But still she pouted her rosy lips and looked more disdainful than ever."

"Listen, dear papa, you know how I love you, it would be so hard for me to leave you. In truth Gustave is very amiable, that is, he is the most graceful Chevalier in our saloons but —"

"But," replied the old Chevalier.

"But," said she, half concealing her pretty face in the folds of her apron, "to be called—papa, dear papa, do not be angry, but it would be horrible—to be called Madame Angot!"

"My daughter," said the Chevalier rising suddenly, "you are foolish; in truth that is a strange reason."

"Dear papa," added the caresser, embracing her old father, "just think of my entering a saloon or a ball room after they had announced Madame, the Countess of—the Marchioness—I should hear the noisy voice of the foot man cry, Madame Angot! Oh! every one would turn to look for my paniers, my old fashioned gown, and my green paper fan. So you see my dear father that it is altogether impossible. But my head aches now—"

"To end the story she played her part so well that she is not married yet. She is rather aristocratic in her ideas, and I believe, would like to have the plumes of the peerage on the head of her husband. I hope she may.—Now tell me, is not this a capital story?"

"It is indeed rather singular and almost incredible. I confess that I am curious to hear her talk—"

"Will you now be introduced to her?"

"Willingly."

I passed my hand through my hair and we advanced. But I reflected, and as I took the arm of Evariste, I said, with a name, plain like mine without title or anything to distinguish it, he well received?"

"Ah!—we will add the name of your mother to yours and that will make a magnificent one."

We advanced farther.

"Ladies," said he, "I have the honor of presenting to you M. L*** de B*** officer in the royal corps of the marin, my best friend; he draws and sings like an angel and speaks English as well as you; I am happy and proud of this circumstance which gives me the right to your gratitude—"

He bowed then disappeared.

I was stunned at this tirade of my accomplishments, and red as a pomegranate, I stood before these three young girls who looked at each other

without knowing what to say. I was about to utter some common place remark, when the pretty Florine helped me out of my difficulty. From that instant I pardoned her mania for titles.

"How do you like this head of Grevedon? we seldom see anything so beautiful. I think no one but an artist could ever have conceived it, and that—"

"It is thought, Mademoiselle, that Lawrence dreamed nights of the beautiful heads of young girls and children which he afterwards transferred to canvass. If the artist dreamed of those, I am more happy. I shall be able to recall one who surpasses them."

She blushed with pleasure, or I know not what—and turned over a leaf.

This was a little sea piece of Eugene Isabey, dawn from the Maritime Review.

"Oh! poor little boats," said she with charming terror—"See Ellen!"

Ellen looked.

How pretty those three heads of the young girls were! The interest which they took in these barques charmed me with being a mariner

"What is the name of that little boat?" said Ellen in English raising her brilliant black eyes—

"Mademoiselle," (confound Evariste for saying I spoke English) "Miss—it is—it is a cutter!"

The pretty Frenchwoman laughed—perhaps she laughed at me—I was enraged. Still I needed her assistance, however, but it was towards herself for I believe that only with the two others I could have spoken enough to have passed it off very well. Happily at this moment a servant announced tea was waiting. They rose and light as air glided over the inlaid floor, Florine replaced the album, I offered her my arm and led her to the saloon.

I seated myself near.

The cups of tea began to circulate; I drank two, three, four cups—my four words of English had warmed me sufficiently.

Still I kept on after all had finished. There was only one old Englishman and myself who were drinking, Evariste was talking in an embrasure and I was still drinking, even the old Englishman had finished, but I drank still—

Hardly was my cup empty before a hand from the tea-board refilled it—I was in a profuse perspiration—inundated, drowned, but I dared not say anything. Mademoiselle Florine offered me the sugar basin each time with a mischievous air and it was almost empty—ten persons were talking in English and observing me. I was in a desperate position, I turned, I pulled my cravat—as soon as I put my cup on the table it was filled again.

This is perhaps the mode in England, thought I, of drowning in this way the gents, the first time they have the honor of receiving them. O! I will remember it.

But at the tenth cup the cold and haughty Lady N— addressed a few words to me, that my gay neighbor translated thus:—

"My lady presents her excuses, Monsicur, she says there is no more warm water, but if you desire it, she will order more."

"Not at all—no—I beg you will—thanks, mademoiselle—madame—not the pain I have drunk my lady, I am sensible—"

But I found no words to say that I had enough an hour ago. Florine began to smile, then looking

at me, she commenced laughing in her cambric handkerchief.

"You are ignorant then, Monsieur, that with the English it is customary to put the spoon in the cup and not at the side, when we desire no more tea."

"What! I, why did you not tell me?"

"Monsieur, I thought you were thirsty, though I saw you perspire freely, yet I believed you took pleasure in drinking."

"Thanks."

The sugar bowl had been emptied before the three last cups. She looked at it, and began to laugh again. My adventure was soon whispered round the room.

Florine after having enjoyed this, said: "They are going to dance; are you a musician? they are here some charming contradances of Tolbecque on the motives of Ali Baba."

"I play the flute Mademoiselle and like you I find these contradances charming."

I rose with the others.

She followed me with her eyes. I was to play the flute placed upon the piano, and I drew forth some chromatic fragments, but determined not to play for one to dance who had allowed me to drink ten cups of tea, looked for my hat.

"Why are you going?" said Evariste. "They are going to dance, you will pass a delightful evening. Are not these amiable people. You had a pleasant chat with Florine, every one looked at you. Stay, there is a flute, will you play, they will have some warm wine this evening—"

"Thanks," replied I, "I have taken ten cups of tea, I do not dance, and will not play for others to dance. I am going to bed."

"I am sorry for you," said he, pressing my hand: "adieu, since you will not stay."

"Adieu till to-morrow!" And I left.

On seeking my cloak in the anti-chamber I heard Florine say to Evariste:

"Your friend drank ten cups of tea. It will make him ill."

"Oh no!" replied he, "he is fond of it—you would not believe how much those mariners drink of it."

Had it not been for that tea I should have fallen in love with Florine.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE FIRST CIGAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Through many temptations, Harry Lawson had kept himself pure from the vice of smoking until he arrived at the age of manhood. To him it was a most disgusting and filthy practice; and there were certain of his acquaintances whose persons were so offensive, from the fact that they ever bore about them a sickening odor of tobacco smoke, that he disliked to come near them. How delicate ladies could endure the presence of men whose clothes were ever reeking with fumes from the nauseous weed, was to him a subject of especial wonder. Young men are very apt to fall into the habit, on first entering life, of speaking lightly of the other sex; they generally learn better ere many years pass over their heads. Harry fell into this habit about the time he attained his majority; but his light remarks were never meant for more than a playful retaliation upon his sister Helen, whose

wit was rather sharp, when men came within reach of a good thrust.

"If any animal but man," he used sometimes to say, "with an odor half as offensive as that which a smoker bears about him in his clothes and hair were to come into a lady's presence, she would faint on the instant. But 'the man's the man for a' that!'"

Helen was usually highly indignant at such insinuations, and would declare that, for her part, she could much better endure the presence of a whole menagerie than one tobacco smoker.

"Ugh! To have a man breathe his rank breath into your face until you grow faint under the infliction! To have the atmosphere of the room in which you are sitting so tainted by the filthy clothes of a smoker—young, accomplished, well-dressed, and good-looking though he be—as to be obliged, as I have been, to air it for hours before the offensive smell could be obliterated! To have your handkerchief filled with the sickly odor and your lips coated with a disgusting, bitter film!"

"Lips, Helen! Lips!" exclaimed the brother, when this remark was made. "Why, is it possible that you let young men, and smokers at that kiss you!"

"Now, Harry, that is too bad! Kiss me!" and a shiver ran through the young girl's frame.—"I might endure to be kissed by a dog or a monkey, but by a tobacco-chewer or smoker—never! Ugh! The very thought makes me shudder."

"Then how could your lips be so strangely contaminated?"

"Easily enough, as you very well know; for I have heard you, dozens of times, complain of the very same thing, and seen you over and over again wash your lips with cologne, after having endured the presence of a smoker, in order to free them from the bitter, sickening deposit they had received from the air he had filled with a nauseous vapor."

"It is horrible; there's no denying that," was the usual admission of Harry, in closing a light sparring contest of this nature. "How a 'human,' who makes any pretensions to decency, can render himself so disgusting, passes my comprehension."

Harry Lawson was a young attorney but recently admitted to the bar. He occupied, as an office, the front parlor of the house in which his family resided, and there, patiently or impatiently, according as his temper of mind happened to be, awaited the appearance of some members of that class of individuals who know their rights and are willing to contend for them. Daily he sat and read for hours, or wandered into the court-room to note the cases on trial and mark the peculiar modes of attack and defence as carried on by legal belligerents. Idle time on his hands led him to seek company and modes of overcoming the dullness of waiting for something to do. Riding out, tavern-lounging, meeting with young attorneys in their offices, and such other ways of killing time as happened to turn up, were all resorted to by the incipient lawyer. Of course—

"Have a cigar, Harry?" was asked of him daily; for, among his associates, nine out of ten used the weed.

"Don't smoke! Is it possible?" in nearly all cases met his refusal of the cigar, even by those

whose offer of a regalia he had declined some forty times before. And then would follow looks or nods that made him feel that he lacked a manly (!) accomplishment. Often he was the odd one in a party of three or four, all of whom, but himself, were sending up their gracefully wreathing columns of smoke, which fairly darkened the room in which they sat, and almost suffocated him. So far when this was the case, from partaking of or adding to the general enjoyment, he rather took from the pleasure of his companions and felt uncomfortable himself.

One day Harry was offered a cigar by a friend in whose office he was sitting.

"No, I thank you," came as usual from his lips. "I never use them."

"No! Why, man, you don't know what you lose. There is nothing that I enjoy like a good cigar."

"Smoking seems to me an idle, useless habit," said Lawson, in reply to this.

"That only shows what you know about it.—There is nothing equal, as a digester, to a good cigar. I don't think I could live without a cigar after dinner. And then, when you sit down alone or with a friend in the evening, after the excitement and care of the day are over, it tranquilizes your feelings and gives wings to your thoughts. You don't know what you lose, Harry. Take my advice and learn to smoke. Here," and he tossed a cigar into the hat of Lawson, "is one of the mildest and purest flavored cigars I ever saw.—Try it."

Harry shook his head, and lifting the cigar reached it to his companion; but the latter pushed back the hand, saying—

"No—no. I want you to try that. If not now take it home with you. It's a mild and sweet flavored as a rose."

When Harry got home the cigar was still in his hat; and, as he removed the latter from his head, it fell upon the floor. He picked it up and looked at it. Next he inhaled its fragrance.

"It smells pleasant enough," said he. There was a glowing grate before him, and lamp-lighters on the mantle. To set fire to the little roll of tobacco was the easiest thing in the world. Something whispered him to make the experiment, and in a moment of weakness, he yielded to the temptation. Next the cigar touched his lips; and then he drew his mouth full of offensive smoke. After puffing this out he tried it again; and repeated the operation for half a dozen times in quick succession. Then there was a brief pause for reflection and observation of the sensations produced. The latter were not remarkably pleasant. With a sort of blind desperation he put the cigar again to his mouth, and drew away upon it for two or three times more. As he removed it from his lips, he experienced rather a disagreeable feeling about the epiglottis; water, at the same time, beginning to pour rather freely from the glands into his mouth. Not liking this sensation, he arose and commenced walking about the floor; but it increased instead of diminishing. In a little while he sat down upon a sofa that was in the room, feeling decidedly sick. Just at this moment, Helen entered the office, and on seeing her brother looking very pale exclaimed—

"Why, Harry, what ails you?"

The young man felt in no mood to answer

questions. But an answer was not needed. The smoky atmosphere, and the tell-tale cigar still lying between his fingers, revealed the whole truth.

"Really! Upon my word!" fell from the young girl's lips. "Smoking! Why Harry! You're sick, are you! I'm glad of it! Serves you right! Now ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

But Harry was, by this time, too sick to feel shame or any other emotion kindred thereto. And Helen, seeing that he grew paler, began to be a little alarmed.

"Do you feel very sick, Harry?" she asked, in a changed voice.

"Sick as death!" murmured the young man, as the burning token of his folly dropped from his fingers, and he threw himself back at full length upon the sofa with a groan. His face was pale as the ashes his falling cigar had strewn about the floor.

Frightened at this, Helen ran from the room, and announced to the other members of the family, in an agitated voice, that Harry was extremely ill. Mr. Lawson, the father of the young man, started up in alarm and ran down to the office, followed more slowly by the mother, whose limbs trembled so that she could scarcely walk.

In a few moments the experimental smoker was surrounded by some half dozen persons, old and young, including even the servants of the family; yet was he still so deathly sick and faint, that he did not open his eyes, nor answer the questions put to him, except in a confused, scarcely audible murmur. But he could hear all that was said; and some of the remarks did not in any way improve his feelings.

"What's this?" he heard his father ask, in a quick surprised voice. "Oh!" and the tone was changed. "A cigar!—Upon my word! Here's the secret. He's been smoking. Well, he deserves to be sick, that's all I have to say; the foolish fellow!"

"Hadm't we better send for the doctor?" asked Harry's mother.

"No. Let him get over it," replied the father. "There's no danger of his dying."

"But he's very sick."

"The sicker the better. Served perfectly right."

While this pleasant little chit-chat, all of which reached the ears of Harry, was going on, Helen commenced bathing his face and forehead with cold water, and then applied salts to his nostrils. This had the effect to revive him, and to throw off the violent sickness he felt. But when he attempted to sit up his head reeled, and he sank back again upon the sofa, afflicted with a most dreadful nausea.

Finally, he was assisted to his chamber, where he hid himself in bed, and there remained until the next morning, when he reappeared, feeling much like a man who had been caught with a stolen sheep on his back.

That was Harry Lawson's first cigar, and—his last one.

BYRON described a party with which he dined as follows—"Like most parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputative, then unintelligible, then altogether, then inarticulate, and then drunk."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A LAY SERMON, NO. 3.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.—
HEB. IV. 9.

THE warrior child of the biting north, placed his Hela amid the swords, and his Himmel in the banquet of victorious war. The son of the East—parched by relentless summer—his Tartarus amid fire and his Elysium, by cooling streams. The iron-sinewed Scandinavian worshipped Thor, as the God of thunder and battles. The rival Roman poured libations on the altar of Jupiter, as the *Deus* of passion and sensualism. The painted savage of the wilderness, sighs for those happy hunting grounds, where the fragrant calumet shall pass from lip to lip and the council fires never be extinguished. The swarthy son of Vulcan immured in the dark and lonely dungeons of Olmutz and Spielberg sighs for a land of eternal sunshine, of perpetual ease and indolent inactivity. Man, fallen and degraded with care and misery, strapped to his back like peddlers' wares, looks forward to the land of promise from the Pisgah of the grave, as something different from what he now enjoys.

It is evident from the Greek word, "Sabbatismus," that the term rest, here means a sabbath—a perpetual sabbath. Not an inglorious indolence, and dormant ease, but an endless day of rejoicing and progression in bliss and a complete deliverance from the gangrene of vice and sin, that eat and fester upon the human soul.

That Progress is the natural sphere of the soul, is a lesson constantly taught in the book of nature. *Action*, *action*, pervades all matter. From the flower that blushes at our feet, and each tiny insect that feeds upon its veins of nectar, to the giant oak that towers to the blue of heaven, this lesson is taught. The ant will repair his dwelling as often as the mischievous foot crushes it; the spider will exhaust life itself, before it will live without a web; the bee can be decoyed from his labor neither by plenty or scarcity. Shall man, stamped with the impression of a Deity be excelled by a blade of grass?

The eternal principles of Progress are written upon every lineament of our organization. A complete development of our mental and moral faculties is made a duty as plain and imperative as if proclaimed amid the thunders of Sinai. Would we learn the existence of a God? He speaks from every molecule of the mountain and globule of the ocean. His form is imaged in the substratum of the earth, the mirror of the sea or that belt of noiseless worlds, the Milkyway.

Would we overcome our inherent weakness, our misery and depravity. The secret is hid in the arcana of science. Had God designed that we should excel in physical strength, he would have given us an arm to propel the ocean monarch through the deep—turn the mighty crank to the iron horse that thunders through our valleys, and power to cope with the lion, the tiger and the ox.

The *organic* laws are to be discovered and obeyed as well as the *moral*. Retribution, certain and terrible attends their transgression. If any of our

faculties lie dormant or undeveloped or are besotted by wild excitements and excesses, a fearful penalty must be paid. Disease and death are targets transfixed by the inevitable shafts of nature's violated law. There is not a pore on the body but may be made a minister to some new pleasure; not a throb in the great jugular, but may become a living joy.

Then, why should the soul ever repose? God, its principle reposes never. Whilst we speak, new worlds are sparkling forth—suns are throwing off their nebular, nebular are hardening into worlds.—The Almighty proves his existence by creating. Think you that Socrates is resting in indolence and Howard merely basking upon a sun-cloud? Labor is the very essence of spirit as of Divinity.—Labor is the purgatory of the erring; it may become the Hell of the wicked, but it is no less the Heaven of the good.

Fulton, N. Y. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

HARMONY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

ONE of the causes, which makes the Bible appear to be the work of a greater power than man, is its apparent want of unity and consistence; that seeming incongruity which gives it perfect adaptability to the acceptance and belief of different mental constitutions, of all grades of society and rank, and of all times.

Any book written by man, it is not likely would so well have agreed with the progress of the human race, if it had agreed with the views of society at the time in which its doctrines were first promulgated, say two thousand years ago; if the community to whom it had been given, had been continually, progressing, it would soon be found to clash with the feelings, opinions or morals of man. Not so with the Bible, it was at first so adapted to its reception by, and its government of the human race, that it was adopted at its first diffusion and has not only upheld itself, but many of its doctrines are increasing their power over the mind of man.

If a book, or system of instruction, had been given to man in their uncivilised and uncultivated state, teaching the more advanced, and more liberal doctrines of christianity *alone*, no one would have received it, for they would have been unable to comprehend its teachings or appreciate the intrinsic beauty of its morals; for proof of this we may see and observe the gradual unfolding of its doctrines, see which of its precepts were first inculcated.

The New Testament is supposed to be the same now, as when it was first written, yet how different have been the doctrines drawn from it, by the differently organized mental constitutions of man.

First, it was preached with force, and the most forcible portions chosen as leading texts, and gathering words for armies. Its holy symbol, the cross was woven into men's garments, embroidered on flags which were carried at the head of armies, and thousands of victorious warriors conquered under its irresistible guidance. The Bible or rather the revelation of the New Testament did not lead to the Crusades, it was the darkened spirit still in the bonds of darkness, and superstition which perverted those doctrines, it could not understand. The establishment of the Roman church, the pontifical chair, the saying of mass, absolution of sins, and similar doctrines, all followed and being well

suited to the spirit of the times, was received with avidity, its priest and propagators received princely power, while its disciples and followers carried all before them. The victories and belted Paladins who followed Godfrey, Bouillon and Cour de Leon, through the fields of Palestine to redeem the Holy Land, felt in their own hearts, they were doing God service, and obeying his commands as much as the modern Samaritan who "does unto others as he would that others should do unto him." The monks who afterwards, under the banners of the Papal power, revolutionised Europe and preached Smithfield burnings and other physical force accompaniments, were no worse than modern physical force men are, who would revolutionize all by the bayonet and make all men believe as they do.

That, as the human race progresses, the milder, and more liberal construction of leading Scripture, passages is followed. I think none will deny who have the least acquaintance with the religious world; and those who adhere to the most intolerant and bigoted creeds, seldom hurl their denunciations, with the freedom they used to. They see it will not do.

The most liberal doctrines are the ones which increase the fastest at the present day and circumstances seem to warrant us in the assertion, that they will ere long gain the ascendancy. We look to the time with pleasurable anticipation, for it will be the dawning of the millenium.

But when we see the most liberal doctrines becoming more liberal, we often ask ourselves where will this end. There seems to be a fast-receding, inapproachable point of perfection towards which all tend.

But there is a point which all must reach, ere long. No one can have a truly liberal view of the Creator, and his works, without exclaiming "all that is, is right." This position is not yet attained, neither should we desire it to be yet, for man has much to do before he will be fitted to make that glorious declaration. J. D. C.

Racine Co. Wis. March, 1849.

MISCELLANY.

LOVE AT SCHOOL.

"SHOULD every person tell us his experience," says a correspondent of the Boston Museum, "it would appear that more real, true love has been felt by the young at school, than at a more advanced period of their lives. Then the pure, disinterested love flows freely from warm and innocent hearts. None of the baser motives of after years, are then to be found mixed with those pure feelings. Beauty is then loved because it is beautiful, and no sensual feelings are engendered by the sight of it. Those stolen glances, at times when the teacher's vigilant eye happens to be averted, are as sweet, and prized as dearly, as any interviews or conversations of lovers of a more mature age. Reader, have you never felt, in your school boy days, a thrill of delight in meeting your little love in the morning before school began? And have you ever had the exquisite pleasure, in stormy weather, of 'staying at noon?' What moments of pure happiness, as you ran and bounded about the school-room, now chasing the bright-eyed, mischievous girl, who has slyly taken off your cap, till in some corner she takes refuge. What strug-

gles! and then in retaliation, what kisses you have snatched from red, pouting lips, sometimes receiving a gentle kiss in return, or the defiance, 'You dare not do that again.' Have you never offended the little mistress of your affections, by some rude word or deed, and felt all the loneliness of losing her smiles, and blamed yourself for the hasty action? And then what a feeling of entire happiness, when you afterwards met, and mutually agreed to forget and forgive. Some remain true to their first feelings of love, but many are awaked from the sweet dreams of their youth by the stern realities of after life. Well do I remember the evening of the day on which I left school, and the promise I then made never to forget my dearly loved playmate. Afterwards, in the bustle of business, thoughts like the following would flit across my restless brain:

Ah, promises! how easy made;
How from weak memory oft they fade,
And shall it be that I forget
The promise made when last we met?
No transitory influence will that eye
O'er me exert; it will a coloring give,
To all my future life, and lest I stray,
That holy eye shall guard me on my way.

UNCLE BENJAMIN'S SERMON.

Not many hours ago, I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

"Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his grey locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning; "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horses. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moving harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is any better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.

"Repining at losses is only putting pepper into a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was as much as to say—'Here is something which you have got to learn,' Sammy don't forget that your schooling is not over yet, though you have a wife and two children."

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that, and a mother-in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what poor man can learn here, when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money."

"Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grandfather used to stuff a sully-box with bills to pay for a yearling or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their teapots away in the garret. You wish to know what you can learn? You may learn these seven things.

"First; that you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser but I have seen you giving your dollar for a 'no-tion,' when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half aside for a rainy day.

"Secondly: that you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you credit was a shadow; there is a substance behind, which casts the sha-

dow; but a small body may cast a greater shadow and no wise man will follow the shadow any farther than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed, and been decoyed into a bog.

"Thirdly: That you have gone in too much haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

"Fourthly: that no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid the younger race of working-men in America have a notion that nobody would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us, and we have become presumptuous.

"Fifthly: that you have not been thankful enough to God for His benefits in past times.

"Sixthly: that you may be thankful our lot is not worse. We might have famine, or pestilence, or war, or tyranny, or all together."

"And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy. 'Give us this day our daily bread.'"

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron, and told Dick to blow away at the forge bellows.

A WORSTED TRADESMAN

An English paper says that a short time since, a "navy," some six feet three inches in height, and of Herculean build, went into the shop of one of the Worcester shop-keepers, and asked if they had got any "whirlers"—that is, stockings without feet.

"No," quoth the shopkeeper, "but we've got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's ha'e a look at 'em," rejoined the "navy."

The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. Our Hercules, selecting out the largest pair, said—

"What's the price of them?"

"4s. 9d. was the rejoinder."

"Can you cut the feet off of 'em?"

"Oh, certainly," was the answer.

"Then do," was the laconic command.

No sooner said than done. The shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price on 'em now?" quoth our friend of the pickaxe and spade with all the composure imaginable.

"Price on 'em now?" echoed the worsted merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity (as he thought) of the question, "why 4s. 9d. to be sure."

"Four shillings and ninepence," quoth the navy; "I ne'er guv more than 1s. 6d. (putting the latter sum on the counter) for a pair of 'whirlers' i' my life."

Well," replied the tradesman (chop-fallen, and fairly outwitted) throwing the mutilation at him—"take them and be off with you; you've 'whirl'd' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again, as long as I live."

ENVY.

PUNISHING ourselves for being inferior to our neighbors. If, instead of looking at what our su-

periors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy, and more pity, in the world.

"The envious man," says St. Gregory, "is made unhappy, not by his own misfortunes, but by the successes of others; and, on the other hand, he does not enjoy his own good fortune so much as the misfortunes of his neighbors."

Our affected contempt of greatness is only an envious attempt to lift ourselves above the great, and thus achieve an imaginary superiority.—"Since we cannot attain grandeur," says Montague, "let us take our revenge by abusing it."

The envy that grudges the successes for which it would want the courage to contend, was well rebuked by the French Marshal Lefevre. One of his friends, expressing the most unbounded admiration of his magnificent hotel, and exquisite *cuisine* exclaimed, at the end of every phrase, "How fortunate you are!" "I see you envy me," said the Marshal; "but come, you shall have all that I possess at a much cheaper rate than I myself paid for it; step down with me into the court-yard, you shall let me fire twenty musket shots at you, at the distance of thirty paces, and if I fail to bring you down all that I have is yours. What! you refuse!" said the Marshal, seeing that his friend demurred,—"know, that before I reached my present eminence, I was obliged to stand more than a thousand musket shots, and, *sacre!* those who pulled the triggers were nothing like thirty paces from me."

NOTHING LIKE VARIETY.

CHANCE, appears to be the motto adopted by many of our citizens. Numerous are the changes continually taking place in our midst, but we think an unusual amount of work in that line is being performed in these days.

Among the Dry Goods Dealers, J. C. Newcomb was the first to lead off, by removing to the Emporium Block, Main-st. and forming a co-partnership with that old and enterprising merchant, M. Loder, and Wood, under the firm of Newcomb, Loder & Co.

W. H. Greenough, has changed his location, from State st. to Starr's Block, No. 49, Main st.

Joseph Altman has formed a co-partnership with a gentleman in New-York, and proposes to increase his business at the old stand, corner of Main and St. Paul streets.

Thomas Barnes continues the Lace and Ribbon business at the old stand of Lucas & Barnes, 76 State st.

In the Clothing business, J. Sanderson, has returned to his old stand, No. 8, Bridge.

J. F. Hoyt & Bro. has also removed to the Bridge.

Owen & Burke has concluded to make two firms in their line answer the place of one. Burke takes the store in the Arcade lately occupied by G. W. Hewitt.

AFRICAN CANDOR.

"Did you attend church to day, as I charged you?" inquired an old planter of one of his slaves, as he returned to his dwelling.

"Sartin, massa," was Cudjo's reply, "an what two mighty big stories dat preacher did tell."

"Hush, Cudjo, you musn't talk that way; what stories are they?"

"Why, he tell de people no man can sarve two massas; now, dis is de fuss story, kase you see old Cudjo sarve you, my ole massa, and also young massa John. Den de preacher says, he will lub the one and hate the other, while de Lord knows I hate you boff!"

AN ANECDOTE OF THE TIMES AT MONTEREY.

CAPT. SPARROW, of the schooner *Lambianco*, on arriving at Monterey from San Francisco, inquired for Gov. Mason—the house being pointed out to him he entered, found two men sitting in the kitchen, one with his coat off, sleeves turned up, peeling potatoes; the other in the same dress, washing them and putting them in the pot; and who should these men be but Gov. Mason and the Collector of the Customs. Gov. Mason said to Capt. Sparrow, "It's not my turn to cook to-day, but I am helping the Collector,"—so destitute are they of servants—cook or starve.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

THE New-Hampshire Statesman describes the interesting proceedings at the opening of the Northern Railroad in that state, and says:—"In process of time the train arrived at Franklin, and formed in line on the top of an embankment, at the depot. There, as though it had been tapped at half a dozen points, came pouring out a black mass of humanity, and flowed down the sides of the embankment, like so many streams of cold molasses!"

SUNSHINE.

If you want the milk of human kindness thickened into the cream of benevolence, or the cream of benevolence transferred into the butter of beauty, all you have to do is to fly around and do good. As Dobbs very justly says, there is more sunshine in one act of kindness, than in all July.

A COUNTRY parson who was not over promptly paid by his parishioners, on entering the church one Sabbath morning, met one of the most wealthy of his flock, and asked the loan of a dollar.

"Certainly," said the man, at the same time handing over the coin.

Dominie put it in his pocket, and preached his sermon in a most capital style, and on coming down, handed the identical dollar to the man from whom he borrowed it.

"Why," exclaimed the lender, "you have not used the money at all."

"It has been of great service to me, nevertheless," replied the parson; "I always preach so much better when I have money in my pocket."

The hint was taken, and the balance of his salary was got together on the following day.

A PARISHIONER complained to the parson that his pew was too far from the pulpit and that he must purchase one nearer, "Why?" asked the parson; "can't you hear distinctly?" "O yes, I can hear well enough." "Can't you see plainly?" "Yes I can see perfectly." "Well, then, what can be the trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears, they are flat as dish-water."

VICE-VERSA.—As a canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning by calling aloud—"Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed: "Dese Americans say, Look out! when dey mean, Look in!"

COMPLIMENTLY.—Dr. Parr and Lord Erskine are said to have been the vainest men of their time. At dinner some years since, Dr. Parr, in ecstasy with the conversational powers of Lord E. called out to him: "My Lord, I mean to write your epitaph," "Dr. Parr," replied the noble lawyer, "it's a temptation to commit suicide."

AN Irish girl applied to her overseer for leave of absence on St. Patrick's day. He informed her that he did not know how to spare her, as he had no one to take her place; "And sure," said she, "I must go out; for ain't St. Patrick as good a man as the Fourth of July?" The reason was satisfactory, and leave was granted, of course.

"Good mind to pinch you, Sal," said an awkward Jewryman on his first visit to his rustic flame.

"What do you want to pinch me for, Zekil?"

"Golly, 'cause I love you so."

"Now, go 'long, Zeke, you great hatefull I should think you might be big enough to feel ridiculous."

WERE we to point out a person, as he passes, and say, "There goes a person who has no vice," he would scarcely be noticed; but exclaim, "that man is worth \$500,000, and he will be stared at till out of sight."

THERE can be no christianity where there is no charity; but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion that they may more freely indulge in the lonely pleasure of calumniating those who to their other failing add not the sin of hypocrisy.

A WAG of our acquaintance sawing with a saw that was not the sharpest saw in the world, after vainly trying to saw with it, broke out at last, as follows: Of all saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw like that saw saws.

"PRAY, can you tell me the way to the penitentiary?" "Yes sir—pick the first man's pocket you see."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A wag told us the other day that one-half of the lawyers live without cause, and die without effects.

A TAILOR, who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose, for a cold duck.

If you want an affectionate, loving wife, choose a thin, lean, raw-boned girl. You'll be nearer her heart.

WHERE does the sun set? He sets in the west sir. What does he set in the west for? To hatch out another day.

WOMEN go farther in love than men, but men outstrip them in friendship.

I WISH to gain time," as the chap said when he raffled for a clock.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1849.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

THE story in to-day's paper translated from the French, was handed to us, by a young Miss, who is attending School at Misses Peak and Purcell's Seminary. We think the composition does credit to the teacher, as well as the pupil. Misses Peak and Purcell are well known to our citizens as teachers highly qualified to teach all that is requisite for a finished education, as their course of instruction is so extensive, and the mode of conveying it so thorough, as to be equal to any High School in the State.

Many parents have an idea that girls will do well enough, under teachers of very moderate acquirements, until they arrive at a certain age, say twelve or thirteen, and if they are then sent for a year or two, to some reputed Seminary, they will, as a matter of course, at the expiration of that period, have acquired a good education. There cannot be a greater mistake, there is nothing to be found in society more absurd than the belief that any body who can read and spell, is qualified to teach young children. Let a girl between the ages of five or six and twelve, be properly taught, let her unfolding powers, during that period, be carefully and judiciously exercised, and her mind stored with facts at once interesting and useful, and three fourths of the labor requisite to make her an intelligent woman, and a valuable member of society, is done. The truth of this remark will not, we are certain, be denied by any one, and we doubt not that at some future period, we shall spend some of our leisure hours in reading the production sent to us, by some of those young ladies that are now attending Misses Peak and Purcell's Seminary.

Perhaps 'tis but a dream of fancy—yet,
We may indulge it—their fair world may be
A future residence, a dwelling meet
Where angel spirits from earth's thralldom free,
May taste more near the joys of heavenly love,
Due preparations for the final realms above,
Then trace, survey, contemplate and inquire;
But be humility thy guiding star;
To higher being, nobler worth aspire!
Joys purer—limitless, in worlds afar;
But dare not to essay presumptuous man
More than thy God hath willed thee here to scan.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

R. S. D. Valatie, N. Y. \$0.50; E. W. New-York, \$1.00; L. A. Northeast Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. H. Bolivar, N. Y. \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

At Troy, on the 29th ult. by Rev. Edward Lounsbury, William H. Tedford, of Plattsburgh, to Margaret A. Morris, formerly of Hudson.

At New York, on the 3d inst. in the Church of the Holy Apostles, by the Rev. Mr. Howland, Mr. Harris Palmer, to Miss Mary Ann Gray, all of that city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Toggot, Mr. Henry C. Mace, to Miss Catharine Loyd, all of New-York.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Mr. Stephen Allen, aged 63 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. William Hallenbeck, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Catharine Schryver, in the 35th year.

On the 29th ult. of consumption, William J. Rowley, aged 20 years.

On the 14th ult. Barbara Shafer, widow of Peter Shafer, in the 83d year of her age.

At Valatie, on the 25th ult. after a lingering illness, Mr. James Williams, in the 46th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Sarah Burchested, relict of John L. Chase, aged 76 years, 1 month and 22 days.

At Nantucket, on the 22d ult. Mrs. Rebecca, widow of the late Wyer Swain, aged 81 years.

At New Concord, (Chatham,) on the 30th ult. Miss Ruth, daughter of Thomas Tompkins.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MY SISTER.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THERE is an hour of calm repose
To weary mortals given,
When the same power that opes the rose
Will take the soul to heaven.

THERE is an hour of sweet release
From every worldly care,
When every sinful thought will cease,
And love disarm despair.

An hour when faith shall lift the veil,
That shrouds the mental eye,
A moment when the spirit's wail
No more shall pierce the sky.

The twilight of the mourning soul
Before the breaking day,
Where notes from seraph angels roll,
In one harmonious lay.

An hour when from its house of clay
The ransomed soul shall soar,
And in a long unending day,
Jehovah, God adore.

Rejoice then sister of my heart,
Dear sister of my love,
That we shall meet no more to part,
With dearer friends above.

There, saved by grace, we'll sing the song,
That heavenly hosts inspire;
Redeeming love the strains prolong,
That tunes each golden lyre.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

BE BRAVE!

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

BE brave young heart! keep courage strong
For life is filled with tears and woes
Thou'lt need a metal'd armour long
To face thy deadly foes—
O live! and meet each bitter blast,
With smile-wreathed lips unto the last.

Be brave old heart! for memories come
Bitter and thick from out the past;
Youth's strength is lost, Hope's anchor gone—
Near graves thy bark is cast;
But lift thy wrinkled brow with smile serene,
As if old memory wore an angel's sheen!

Be strong!—this is not *all* of life!
There is a region fair,
Where ne'er is heard a sound of strife
On the perfumed air—
"The hunger of each heart" can there be filled—
Its friends be found—its passions still'd.
Lovina, Alabama, 1849.

From Sartain's Magazine.

RESIGNATION.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! these e're afflictions
Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps

What seem to us but dim, funeral tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her:
For when with ruptures wild
In our embraces we again unfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest;

We will be patient! and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

WHAT I HATE.

I HATE the toothache, when with maddened jumps,
Like torrent wild it rages among the stumps;
I hate the whole dire catalogue of aches,
Distempers, fevers hot, and ague shakes.

I hate mad dogs, snakes, dandies, fleas, and bugs,
Tea parties, wild cats, toads, and whiskey jugs,
Hard times, bad roads, spoiled fish, and broken banks,
Stale news, cold soup, light purse, and lawyer's thanks.

I hate long stories, and short ears of corn,
A costly farm-house, and a shabby barn;
More curs than pigs, no books, but many guns,
Sore toes, tight shoes, old debts and paper duns.

I hate tight lacing, and loose conversation,
Abundant gab and little information,
The fool that sings in bed and snores in meeting,
Who laughs while talking, and talks much while eating.

I hate the sot, who, grappled to my coat,
Sends forth the nasty vapors of his throat.
In senseless jargon, forcing me to smell
His stanch emitting reservoir of swill.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

THE gallant sailor midst the gale
Ne'er flies the helm through fear,
Nor yields his beauteous bounding sail
To rocks and breakers near.

The stronger blows the wind set free,
The brighter lightning glides,
The higher mounts the raging sea,
His bark the higher rides!

So he who firmly braves alone
The storms through life that rise,
Is by the highest waves but thrown
Up nearer to the skies!

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